

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

# The Christian Freeman.

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## THE SENTIMENTS OF EMINENT MEN ON RELIGION.

"A Unitarian, as such, is a Christian; that is, if a man follows Christ's law, and believes his words according to his conscientious sense of their meaning, he is a Christian; and, although I may think he understands Christ's words amiss, yet this is a question of interpretation, and no more. The purpose of his heart and mind is to be guided by Christ, and therefore he is a Christian."—DR. THOMAS ARNOLD.

"There are too many lessons that remain to be taught by Unitarianism for it to change its form, largely as it has lent to the religious current of the time. It must teach its lesson of charity to all creeds, so far as they meet the wants of the individual soul, and war against all that would throw their lasso at the neck of human freedom, were it but as a spider's web to the might of Samson yet unshorn. . . . We, who believe in a nobler future than the world has yet seen can afford to possess our souls in patience."—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"I should be very glad if half of those who recognise the hereditary claims of the Son of God to worship bowed down before his moral dignity with an adoration half as profound, or a love half as enthusiastic, as Dr. Channing's. I wish I, a Trinitarian, loved and adored him, and the divine goodness in him, anything near the way in which that Unitarian felt. A religious lady found the book ('Channing's Memoirs') on my table a few days ago, and was horror-struck. I told her that, if she and I ever got to heaven, we should find Dr. Channing revolving round the central Light in an orbit immeasurably nearer than ours, almost invisible to us, and lost in a blaze of light; which she has, no doubt, duly reported to the Brighton inquisition for heretics."—REV. F. W. ROBERTSON.

"I am not less ardent in my wish that you may succeed in your plan of toleration in religious matters. Being no bigot myself to any mode of worship, I am disposed to indulge the professors of Christianity in the Church with that road to heaven which to them shall seem the most direct, plainest, easiest, and least liable to exception."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"It is apparent to me that the Christian religion has been corrupted from very early times, and that these corruptions have been mistaken for essential parts of it, and has been the cause of rendering the whole religion incredible."—THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

"You are to accept as a Christian every one whose life and disposition are Christ-like, no matter how heretical the denomination may be to which he belongs. Wherever you find faith and righteousness and love and joy in the Holy Ghost, you are to look upon them as the stamped coin of Christ's kingdom, and as a legal tender from God to you."—H. W. BEECHER.

"Of the University of Oxford I had not long been a member when five students were expelled for heresy. By the sentence by which those Bible readers were expelled that affection which had glowed in my heart for the Church of England was expelled. The time came for attaching my signature to the Thirty-nine Articles. I had examined those articles, and found them irreconcilable either to reason or scripture. Jesus did not see eye to eye with his age, and he was set down for mad. The like fate was before my eyes. Before the eyes of Jesus stood a comforter, his Father; before my weak eyes stood in my father a tormentor if I did not sign. I signed; but by the views I found myself forced to take of the whole business, such an impression was made on my mind as will never depart from me but with life."—JEREMY BENTHAM.



## LORD FALKLAND.

IN that most charming of stories "The Vicar of Wakefield," good Dr. Primrose dismisses his eldest son George to his first campaign with the memorable exhortation, "Go, my boy, and imitate thy brave grandfather in all but his misfortunes, if it was a misfortune to die with Lord Falkland." It may well be doubted whether Goldsmith understood or could appreciate the true excellence of Falkland's character, especially in the religious and more spiritual aspect—that part of it which must make his memory ever dear to the professors of liberal Christianity—for the man who said that "as he took his coat from the tailor so he took his religion from the priest," was not the best qualified to judge of high moral worth; yet the words just quoted contain a fitting as well as graceful eulogium on one who was greatly loved by men of all parties his contemporaries, and who, though he fell fighting on behalf of monarchy, still did all "only in a general honest thought" for what he thought the "common good," those the most opposed to him acknowledging his disinterestedness, his freedom from all personal animosity, his strong sense of principle, and his unswerving integrity of purpose. Clarendon, who knew Falkland intimately, and whose skill in delineating character has never been surpassed, speaks of him as a person of prodigious parts and learning, and knowledge, of inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of flowing and obliging humanity and goodness to mankind, and of primitive simplicity and integrity of life. We may lament that in the bitter and sanguinary strife of the seventeenth century Falkland took the side of the first Charles and of the Church as then established, rather than that of the Parliament, and of those who opposed prelacy; but we are not entitled to blame his choice, as he acted on conviction and with due deliberation. Glad should we have been had he joined hand and heart with Hampden, Pym, and Milton to the end; but it must not be forgotten he had been an aristocrat, and educated an episcopalian; that his predilections must ever have been on the side of royalty, and that also the very nobleness of his nature attached him to the king as unfortunate. Macaulay

hazards the conjecture that Falkland's affection led him constantly to attach himself to the losing cause from his deep sympathy with whatever was falling, and therefore the more needed support. It is likely that he was the unconscious victim of the king's duplicity, believing his protestations, and not conceiving that double meanings and dealings were, in the royal mind, the triumphs of kingcraft. But Lord Falkland's life and character are to us more particularly interesting in that he held Unitarian views of Christianity. This is very certain from the testimony of those who best knew him, as well as from the bent of his mind towards a free theology. Falkland was the avowed friend, if not the patron, of Chillingworth, who, with John Hales, surnamed the *Ever-memorable*, was regarded as a leader of the latitudinarian school, not as advocating indifference regarding doctrinal points, but insisting on free, yet reverential inquiry into the meaning of scripture, without reference to Popes or councils or received creeds and opinions. The Church of England was at this time, notwithstanding the Calvinistic tone of its articles, verging to Arminianism, and nearly all the higher orders of the clergy repudiated the dogmas of the Synod of Dort. Falkland kept equal pace with Chillingworth, if he did not go beyond that illustrious advocate of Protestantism, in his views concerning the person of our Lord. Aubrey, who wrote Falkland's life, styles him the first Socinian in England, and it matters little whether we take the phrase as indicating first in rank or in order of time. It is certain that he had in his possession the works of the Polish Unitarians which had recently come over by stealth to England; and we cannot be surprised that to an inquisitive and ardent mind the writings of these men mighty in the scriptures, learned and devout, brought conviction of the truth of their tenets, whilst the truth made him free. Falkland appears to have lived in the most open and unreserved manner with the excellent persons already named and others of like sentiments and views, himself inferior to none of them in zeal for the doctrines they had espoused, and in ability to defend them. He presents one of the few bright examples of men in an elevated rank not being ashamed of an unpopular religion; braving sneers, calumny, even more active perse-



cution, for the doctrines of the cross. He was also a very favourable specimen of the accomplished gentleman of the age—the lofty-minded patriot of any age. He was truly without fear and without reproach.

Lord Falkland, the son of an Irish peer, was carefully educated at Cambridge University, and was an excellent Greek scholar. He had a fine seat in Oxfordshire, and where he was fond of admitting his friends to familiar intercourse, and here, as we may imagine, friendly discussions would take place on subjects connected with theology and the right interpretation of the scriptures. Very pleasant must have been those meetings, shut out from the brands and the angry strifes that were then rending society asunder. But such halcyon days were not to continue. The trumpet, in Miltonic phrase, blew with a jarring and a dolorous blast; the call was to arms, and to a fight with weapons sharper than words or pens. Each man was compelled to choose his side, and to defend it to the best of his power. Falkland had been elected to Parliament, and he at first joined the popular party, then in stern opposition to the Court. Hampden's conduct, we are told, "impressed Lord Falkland with the deepest respect." At the meeting of the Long Parliament (1640), Falkland was found by the side of Vane, Hollis, and Pym, supporting the bill of attainder against Strafford, that "great, brave, bad man," and voting likewise against the bishops sitting in the House of Lords. At this crisis, as a great authority has remarked, "the nation might have enjoyed liberty and repose under a government with Falkland at its head, checked by a constitutional opposition under the control of Hampden."

But a change now came over the mind of Falkland as great as it proved to be permanent. The balance inclined against royalty, and Falkland, like Clarendon and many others, feared for the crown, and hastened to its succour. In this they may not have acted wisely, but the motives which induced Lord Falkland to this step were perfectly disinterested. He was personally attached to Charles, and he had been bred up in extreme reverence for kingly authority, and the civil war now breaking out he at once cast in his lot with the monarchical party, and he adhered to it till his death. The King made him

Secretary of State, and in this capacity he followed the sovereign to his camp. Most of the earlier royal manifestoes were written by Falkland, and were, as Hume says, sent together with the parliamentary papers, the King's object being that men might, seeing them side by side, judge the difference, and thus be drawn to his support. If the superiority were on the side of Falkland—which, after all, does not appear—then, though unconsciously, he must have made the worse appear the better reason.

Yet however favoured by Charles, and however sincerely devoted to him, Falkland was most unhappy from his connection with the King's affairs. He could not but perceive that these were tending to destruction, and he must have had many painful proofs of Charles's duplicity. His thoughts were of peace—his earnest efforts to procure it. It is supposed that he dreaded the entire success of either party. He would be silent and sorrowful in the company of his most familiar friends—would often sigh, and then, as if the word came unthought of to his lips, would cry "Peace!" He evidently despaired of any peaceful solution of the public difficulties, feeling, not for himself, but for his distracted country, neglecting the care of his person, for which in happier days, and as one mark of high birth, he attended to most sedulously. But on the morning of the fatal battle of Newbury he made his toilet with much precision, for he had a presentiment that that day would be his last. He remarked to one of his friends that he was weary of the times, and foresaw much misery to his country, but he believed he should be killed in the action then beginning; he also expressed unwillingness that his body should be found on the field carelessly attired. He was killed early in the fight by a shot in the abdomen whilst charging with a troop of horse. His fall was sorely lamented by the King and his army, for the loss of such a man was irreparable. Lord Falkland was in his thirty-fifth year at this time. But truly it is said that "Honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years, but wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age." To quote again from Clarendon: "Thus fell that incomparable young man, having so much dispatched the true business of life



that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence—whosoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short a warning it is taken from him.”

The Christian, the statesman, and the scholar were united in Falkland, and as such Unitarians have every reason to cherish his memory. He was a man of great and rare powers of intellect, and his temper was exceedingly kind and amiable. He was powerless for good in a corrupted Court; yet he kept himself apart from its licentiousness; its atmosphere was uncongenial to him, and a strong sense of duty alone bound him to the fortunes of the King. We lament the necessity as it appeared to Falkland, but none could doubt his integrity.

Lord Falkland was the author of a work on “Romish Infallibility,” which has long since gone into oblivion. It appears to have been written to prove the famous maxim, “the Bible, the Bible only is the religion of Protestants.” This is our motto—may we illustrate and follow it through evil report and through good.

### THE SPEAR FLY OF ABYSSINIA.

THERE is a Hebrew word, which we will mention presently, which is translated in Psalm cl. 5, as “Cymbals,” a musical instrument; and in Job xli. 7, as “spear,” to kill fish with; and in Deuteronomy xxviii. 42, as a “locust,” that eats the fruit trees; and in Isaiah xviii. 1, as “shadowing,” in the address to Abyssinia, “woe to the land of shadowing wings which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia.”

That the same word should mean both cymbals and a spear is not remarkable, if we consider that it was a piece of polished steel or iron, which would do either to pierce a fish or to make a musical sound, if struck against another of the same kind. These two meanings, moreover, of the word are well established, as also is the third meaning of some kind of destructive insect in the passage in Deuteronomy. It is the fourth meaning in Isaiah which can by no means be defended that calls for our consideration. This is a passage which has sadly puzzled the commentators, but which has lately been most satisfactorily explained by a gentleman who is at the

same time a traveller and a Hebrew scholar.

Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, nearly a century ago described the TSALTSAYLA fly, a dreadful scourge to that part of Africa, whose bite poisons, and never fails to kill all domesticated quadrupeds. The ox, the horse, the sheep, and the dog, cannot live in the country, while it does not attack, or at least does not injure, either men or the wild animals, such as the zebra, ass, mule, goat, or even a calf before it is weaned from its mother.

Dr. Livingstone has described the insect and its fearful importance to the inhabitants under nearly the same name. He heard it called the TSETSE fly. Mr. Marjoliouth has lately pointed out that this Tsalsal fly is the insect mentioned in Deuteronomy xxviii. 42, and also should be mentioned in Isaiah xviii. 1, instead of the doubtful word “shadowing.” The Hebrew word in these places is Tsalsal, the very name of this Abyssinian fly. That verse in Isaiah should be translated “Woe to the land of the winged Tsalsal, which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia;” and if we add a note to say that the Tsalsal is the spear fly of Abyssinia, the whole difficulty is removed in a most interesting manner from a passage which has hitherto puzzled all translators and commentators. Bruce had conjectured that this is the fly meant, but not named, in Isaiah vii. 18, where we read, “that the Lord will hiss [meaning whistle] for the fly that is in the uttermost parts of the rivers of Egypt,” but he gave us no further help. It is to Mr. Marjoliouth that we owe the satisfactory explanation of the hitherto misunderstood passage in Isaiah.

This Abyssinian fly does not come more northward than Nubia; it does not reach Egypt. Its formidable qualities had been heard of, but not understood, by the writer of Deuteronomy. It does not eat vegetables, and therefore would not injure the fruit trees, as he seems to think it might.

SAMUEL SHARPE.

### RENAN.

#### STUDIES IN THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF RENAN:

AN EXPOSITION OF HIS DOCTRINE, AND  
CONFUTATION OF HIS ERRORS.

By DR. BEARD.

Monthly, Sixpence. — WHITFIELD, London.



## THE LITTLE FEET.

ONCE, when June-time roses came,  
In our garden blooming sweet,  
I one morning in the mould  
Found the prints of little feet.

Two small feet which deftly trod  
Over beds of mignonette,  
All across the violets blue,  
And where peonies were met.

None of these had stayed the pair,  
In their light uncertain tread,  
Till they reached a blooming rose  
Fair as Lily's own dear head.

There the little feet were stayed—  
Tip-toe prints were left behind,  
Where she gathered one bright bud,  
Like her own pure opening mind.

Then my heart grew fond to trace  
All the prints of those dear feet,  
And my fancy saw the child,  
Golden-haired and winsome sweet.

These small prints upon the earth  
Seemed a promise to be given,  
That my little one should not  
Over-soon be called to heaven.

She should walk with maiden grace—  
Be a woman in bright bowers,  
And her noble feet should walk  
Over thorns to find the flowers.

Tears were gushing to my eyes—  
Blessings pouring from my heart—  
And my lips unconscious cried,  
"O, my child, how dear thou art!"

Years have come and passed away,  
June-time roses as of yore  
Bless the summer with their bloom,  
But the pretty feet no more

Leave their prints upon the earth;  
My two hands the little feet  
Bound together still and cold,  
Underneath the winding sheet.

Daisies grow where Lily sleeps,  
And the rose-tree blossoms sweet—  
Earth is passing fair I know,  
But I miss the little feet.

Then I close my eyes with tears  
And again the picture trace,  
Of the summer long ago,  
Gladder made by Lily's face.

And I watch the little feet  
All along the darksome road—  
Down the valley to the gate  
Of the Paradise of God.

And I whisper, "It is well,  
Sometime we again shall meet—  
For to welcome me in heaven  
First will come the little feet."

## TEN REASONS.

THE unreasonableness of the doctrine of endless punishment could be made apparent in very many particulars. But with a view to their being easily retained in the memory, we will specify ten, as follows:—

First.—The doctrine of endless punishment is unreasonable, because the human mind can perceive no necessity for it: and to say that a thing is reasonable is to say that the human mind *can* perceive a necessity for the same.

Second.—Viewed as a preventive of sin, the certainty of punishment is of vastly more effect than its duration. There may be too much punishment as well as too much medicine, and for the same reason.

Third.—Endless punishment is out of proportion to guilt; and the magnitude of the sin must be determined not alone by the greatness of the being against whom it is committed, but by considering the capacity, the intelligence, and the temptations of the guilty party. It is an unreasonable doctrine which makes no distinction between the enlightened scholar and the grovelling Hottentot. It is indeed claimed that sin is infinite because committed against an infinite Being. But this is unreasonable. This principle would make the disobedience of the youngest child as culpable as that of the oldest in the same family—all being against the same person. What is sin against God? It is not against him as a personal wrong, it is really against ourselves and our fellows, for we can be the only sufferers.

Fourth.—The doctrine imposes a crushing responsibility on those who labour for human redemption. It is seldom that one has the requisite presence of mind in scenes of earthly calamity; how much less so when the danger is endless and infinite.

Fifth.—Endless punishment is unreasonable, because, as the opposite of endless happiness, it supposes a wider difference between good men and bad men than actually exists.

Sixth.—Because it requires a separation between the two classes which cannot be made—which cannot even be conceived.

Seventh.—Because it makes the last deeds of man in this life the only important—neither rewarding nor punishing any other deeds.

Eighth.—It is unreasonable to suppose



that a soul can for ever exist in a state of sin and pain. Sin is spiritual disease—and the tendency of disease is towards death.

Ninth.—If true, endless punishment makes the acknowledged scheme of God in the creation of man a failure—it supposes an obstacle in his way which he did not foresee.

Tenth.—The spirit of the doctrine is utterly irreconcilable with that of the Gospel, which comes to seek and save the lost; and the same consideration which calls for the Gospel now must call for it while sin exists, and wherever it exists.—*Ambassador.*

#### ALAS ! I HAVE NO TIME.

"I HAVE no time," says the earnest man,  
You would lure from his purpose steadfast;  
"I have no time," says the lady fine  
On her way down late for breakfast.

"There is never time," sighs the little child,  
"For my lessons always hinder;"  
"I have no time," cries the servant girl  
Lolling from bed-room window.

And thus as through the world you go  
You hear the ceaseless chime—  
"I would do so," "I should do so,  
But alas ! I have no time."

Now it's all a joke, they've plenty,  
In spite of what they say,  
And the proverb's true that warns you  
That where there's a will there's a way.

In evening dusk or morning prime  
They all find room for dawdling time;  
And soon as comes a tempting pleasure  
They quite forget their lack of leisure.

Then he will close his learned book  
And shake off all that anxious look—  
And she'll spring up from sofa bed  
Forget she'd had an aching head.

Charlie stop short in "*Hic hæc hoc*,"  
And Betty hear nor bell nor clock,  
While heart and soul perhaps they lend  
To tell the news or greet a friend,  
While business to the winds may wend.

For whether in or out of season  
We can make time when there's a reason—  
Though ever to our dear selves lenient,  
We find this fair excuse convenient.

So never heed the fond complaint,  
Believe not what they say—  
Trust the old proverb that declares  
That who has the will finds the way.

M. S.

#### SALVATION.

SALVATION, what is it? Not deliverance from the penalty of a hard and ungracious law. Not an hair's-breadth escape from the pains of an endless hell. Not deliverance from justice, not an escape from a just punishment for sin. No such salvation as this is recognised or taught in the Gospel or in the Bible. On the contrary, the word is, "God will by no means clear the guilty," and "He that doeth wrong shall receive of the Lord for the wrong that he has done, and there is no respect of persons."

So, then, under the government of an all perfect God, there is no such thing as sinning and escaping a just and adequate punishment. But salvation, through God's abundant mercy, is first of all deliverance from sin, the direst curse of man. Two things men need to learn in this direction, and then they will have no difficulty in perceiving how it is that the great Father can be a just God and a Saviour. The first is that the thing most of all to be dreaded, and the most needful to be saved from, is sin itself, not the punishment of it. And the second is that punishment is remedial, and every stroke of the rod of divine justice designed to deliver from sin. These two facts being admitted—that God punishes in justice, and through punishment and in mercy saves from sin—and it appears that he is a just God and a Saviour, and the problem is thus solved.

Salvation embraces moreover the ideas of deliverance from the fear of death, through faith in the life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel, and from death itself by the power of an endless life. As it is written, "I will redeem thee from death, I will ransom thee from the power of the grave." That the Divine Being can be a just God and a Saviour in this sense is sufficiently plain and palpable to the meanest capacity. God is at harmony with himself, and all his attributes are at harmony with one another; all resting upon the basis of infinite love, being but the forces and means by which he displays his boundless and adorable goodness.

On no important subject at the present day does the ordinary teaching of the pulpit bewilder mankind so much as on "*salvation*;" a duty is, therefore, laid upon Unitarians to make this matter plain.







HASTINGS UNITARIAN CHAPEL.



## HASTINGS UNITARIAN CHAPEL.

## OUR WATERING PLACES.

DURING the present month we shall have added to the list of handsome buildings, in which Unitarian worship is conducted, a new chapel at this very popular watering place, Hastings. We trust the Unitarians of Great Britain and Ireland will see to it, that in the course of a few years not one of our watering places is without a regular Unitarian service. A few years ago one of our ladies, who was staying for a few weeks at Hastings, by chance heard that there were two or three Unitarian families in the town. She called upon them and enlisted their support in opening a room at the Swan Hotel for worship, and the service was conducted in a very humble way for some time. A lay preacher or two have been the real strength of our cause here for a long time, and now, after eight years of toil and anxiety, the beautiful and convenient chapel we show this month is the result of their service, as well as the comfort and instruction that have been imparted among themselves and visitors during this period. The site of the chapel is one of the best in Hastings, in South-terrace, near the Albert Memorial, facing the cricket ground, and within a few minutes' walk of the railway station. The architect, Mr. Beck, has designed and carried out his plans in a most satisfactory manner. The style is Roman Doric. The width of the chapel is 36 feet, and 40 feet long. The interior walls are relieved by means of recessed arcades. The centre recess of the back wall is adorned with composite pillars and pedestal and moulded architraves, forming a most tasteful background to the platform and reading-desk. Over the entrance is a gallery with a pretty panelled front. Altogether there are sittings for about 230 persons. The ceiling is formed into nine panels, each with a centre flower. The cost, including land, is about £1100. The sum of £800 has been subscribed, and we trust the readers of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN will do their best, in a liberal way, to help the payment of the other £300, for which our few earnest friends at Hastings are responsible. The treasurer is Mr. S. C. Burgess, 24, George-street, Hastings. The cornerstone of the building was laid last year by Sir John Bowring, who on that occasion

delivered a most eloquent and impressive address. We may add that the congregation is only as yet a small band of zealous and worthy people, who deserve all the help that can be tendered them. Our friends at Battle, near Hastings, have always felt an interest in them, and done their part to aid them. A small Sunday-school has been formed, which we hope to see flourish into greater usefulness in the new chapel. The present minister, the Rev. W. Birks, has just completed his first year with the congregation.

We believe that most English people know that Hastings is the resort of thousands of invalids, and many of them find their last resting-place there. How proper it is that we should do our best to make known the sweet and soul-sufficing views we hold, to the inhabitants of such a locality, that they may be comforted, and enabled to comfort others, by the same Gospel wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

## WHAT IS A LIE ?

HARRY was in the garden one morning playing with his hoop. He had been told not to play hoop in the garden, but perhaps he had forgotten that. At last the hoop went on to a flower-bed and broke a very fine tulip that Harry's father set a great value upon.

Harry had heard him say he prized that tulip more than any other flower in his garden. "Father will be very angry, I dare say," said Harry to himself; "but it cannot be helped now. I wish I had not brought my hoop into the garden at all."

Just then his mother came into the garden. "Dear me," said she, "the high wind has broken this beautiful tulip."

"It was not the wind, mother, it was I who did it."

"You, Harry ! how could you do it unless you went on the bed—which you ought not to have done ?"

"I was rolling my hoop, mother, and it rolled on to the bed."

"I think you have been told not to play your hoop in the garden."

"Yes, mother, and I am very sorry I did so."

"And so am I, Harry, for your father will be very much grieved at the loss of this flower, which he prized so highly."



Then Harry's mother went in to breakfast, and he was going to follow her, when John, the new gardener, came by.

"Why, master Harry," said he, "what need was there to say you broke the tulip? If you had held your tongue your father would have thought the wind did it, and you would not have got scolded; for I should have said nothing about it, I promise you."

"I never tell a lie, John," said Harry.

"It would not have been telling a lie, sir; you had no occasion to say a word when your mother said the wind had broken the tulip. How could that have been telling a lie?"

"It would have been just the same thing," said Harry, "for it is quite as bad to deceive any one as to tell a lie; and if I had let my mother think it was the wind that broke the tulip it would have been deceiving her."

"And what did that signify?" said John; "it was not as if you had laid the blame on somebody else. I said it for your own sake, Master Harry, thinking it might have saved you a scolding, that's all; but if you don't care about it, why, well and good."

"I do care about it, John, and am very sorry for what I have done; but it would be making the matter a great deal worse to tell my father a lie about it."

The gardener muttered to himself in a sulky tone that some folks are more nice than wise, and, taking up a watering-pot, was turning away, when he heard a voice calling him back.

It was Harry's father, who was on the other side of the garden wall. He had heard every word that had passed, and now came in at the gate. "I am very glad, Harry," said he, "that you have so proper a sense of what is right. Truth, my boy, is the best and noblest of all virtues. Those who pay a strict regard to truth are sure to be esteemed and respected. I would rather lose all the flowers in my garden than have cause to think that my son would try to deceive me. To deceive either by word or deed is to be guilty of falsehood. Nothing is so mean and base. I will not keep any person about me whose word I cannot trust; therefore, John, you must quit my service this day."

"Now, Harry, let us go in to breakfast."

## A USEFUL HINT FROM THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

At a large meeting just held at Sion College, when a paper was read by Dean Stanley on the connection between the State and the Church, the Bishop of London is reported to have said:—

"Without the connection of the State, the Church in Italy would be a source of endless anarchy, and in America it was found that the freest thought, the highest culture of that country, had drifted away from Christianity, and become Unitarian. He did not want England to become Unitarian, but he feared that that, or something analogous, would result if the connection of the Church and State were severed."—*Inquirer* of Feb. 16th.

In reference to the mischief which would ensue in Italy by the severance of the Church from the State, we shall say nothing but this: the lamented statesman, CAVOUR, dearly loved his country, and one of his remembered sentiments, now ringing round the world, was this—"A free Church in a free State." He saw what would advantage Italy as clearly as the Bishop of London, we think, and desired the Church to be free from the State. And a word about the sad religious condition of America, which is so fast drifting "from Christianity to Unitarianism"—we would say from pagan theology to Christianity. Unitarianism is allegiance to Christ, not to the semi-pagan creeds of the Church. But is there anything to deplore in the American nation? Let us take the most Unitarian city of the States, Boston; no town or city of England can for a moment compare with it for its educated, moral, and philanthropic inhabitants. Learning and piety flourish in Boston, given over to Unitarianism. A clergyman of the Church of England, the Rev. Mr. Rylance, of Westminster-road, said in a lecture in South London two or three years ago:—"Boston, of America, was the most civilised place in the world. There was more education and religion there, and it was beautiful to behold the way in which the Sabbath was kept. I never saw a fallen woman in the streets of Boston." Let those who hold up the mischief of becoming Unitarians ponder facts like those to hush their fears. But the most interesting point of the bishop's speech was that the hold the State had on



the Church would keep the people of England from falling into Unitarianism, or something analogous. Here is an interesting statement, implying an imperative duty to Unitarians, that if they wish their doctrines to have free course, run, and be glorified in our nation, they must seek to cut the cord that holds the Church to the State. We see our duty plainly, and we believe the Bishop of London is right. A fashionable Church, a State Church, with all its emoluments and honours, planted here, there, and everywhere, helps to bind people down to its stereotyped creeds and its Trinitarian forms of worship—in a word, stifles free thought, and patronises conformity to things that wear the livery of the State. It always has been so, and men now are as they were in days gone by. But is it well for a nation's heart and soul—its intellect and feeling—to be bartered away for pelf and state patronage? We trow not. Freedom will beget Unitarian sentiments in religion. This is what the bishop says. Very well; truth and freedom always were twin sisters, and the world will be none the worse for a fair trial of their reign among men. We have had tyranny over men's bodies and souls, political and spiritual, long enough; let us venture ourselves into the care of freedom and truth for a season as an experiment; we think universal righteousness, peace, and good will among men will be the result. It is a curious thing how, on the one hand, the use of reason in matters of religion and the right of private judgment are being just now inveighed against by one class of papers, endorsing what another bishop of the Church said some time ago, "that if men will follow reason they will be landed in Unitarianism;" and now the Bishop of London alarms the people about freedom, leading to Unitarianism. Here, then, we may be justly proud of a trio inevitable in the history of a nation where the human mind is allowed to be FREE, and to exercise for itself the best of gifts God has given—REASON; and when a people have secured in matters of religion FREEDOM, no less authority than two bishops of the Church of England declare the result will be UNITARIANISM. We add they are right, and the ultimate theology of the whole Christian Church and the world will undoubtedly be, as soon as men are free and rational, Unitarian.

### ONE MOTHER AND SEVEN CHILDREN.

"ONE mother can take care of seven children better than seven children can take care of one mother," old Casimer was accustomed to say. He was a shrewd old peasant, and had gone about the world, and had seen a great deal. But his son Jacob thought him in the wrong in that expression.

"See," said Jacob, "I am only one person, and I would do for you everything I could. I would work until the very blood came out at my finger-ends sooner than you should not get everything that you needed. Now how much better would you be if you had seven boys instead of one; and how much better they could take care of you than you could take care of them."

Casimer laughed, and shook his old fur cap from one side of his head to the other, and answered:—

"Now let me give you an example of the truth of what I say. You know old Madelen, who goes around and washes clothes for rich people. She was once a very nice-looking woman, though she always worked hard from morning till night to take care of her seven children; and she took care of them well, for they did not want either food or clothing without getting it. So long as she was young everything went on well, but when her seven children grew up to be men her strength had left her, and now it was their turn to take care of her. But not one of them seemed disposed to pay her special attention, or to offer her a comfortable home. They were all in good circumstances, and each had a thriving business. Their mother was old and very homely, and the truth was that they were very much ashamed of her. They little thought how kind she was to them, and she had spared no pains to improve them. If her day's wages did not go far enough to supply her seven children with food, she would sit up in the night, while other people slept, and would make waistcoats and shirts for dealers in clothing. It was astonishing how this woman could make money out of almost nothing. Broken needles, bits of thread, or blocks of wood, were carefully saved by her, for she looked upon everything as worth something. But having raised her children, and seen them



comfortable in business, she said to herself: 'Now I am getting old in years, and am almost worn out with hard work, and it is high time that my children should take care of me.'

"One Saturday evening she invited them to her little house, where she gave them a supper of hard crackers, tea, and prunes, and then she represented her case to them.

"My dear children, I cannot live a great while, and I have quite lost my strength. The food I place before you is very nice compared with that which I usually eat. I know that my appearance is objectionable to you, but it seems to me quite right that you should take care of me.'

"With the greatest pleasure," they cried altogether.

"The eldest, who was a goldsmith, said: 'My dear mother, I will do anything in the world for you. Come to my house, and you shall live in the parlour all the time.'

"The old lady appointed a secretary just then to take down the promises, and the secretary was the eldest son, who had just made that promise.

"The next one who spoke was the tailor. He said to his mother: 'My dear mother, I would drink up the Rhine; I would go through a raging fire; I would leap down from a church-tower—all for you—for you, my mother.'

"And that promise was taken down. And so each one made a promise of doing just as great things for his mother as those two had done, and having finished them, and the promises having all been written down, they all sung together, and departed to their several homes.

"The next day, Madelen, their mother, went to the goldsmith's with her budget of clothes. She thought what a happy time she would have. But one week was sufficient, for by the end of that time she found that she was not welcome in the house, though she had no doubt that her son loved her very much. His children did not seem to be fond of her, and indeed the whole family seemed to consider her a burden rather than a pleasure. She next went to the tailor's, who had told her that he would drink up the Rhine, go through a great fire, and leap down from a church-tower, for his mother. Alas for his promises! She had not been there four days

before she learned that she was not welcome at his house. And so she went from one house to the other, until she had made a visit to her seven sons, and there was not one of the number who seemed to enjoy her presence. That they all loved her I have no doubt, but at the same time she did not seem to be welcome, and she felt that she was not at home."

"All this is very true, father," said Jacob, "but at the same time, is it right for sons to treat their mother so?"

"Oh, no," replied old Casimer, "I have not said that it is right; it was very wrong. But it shows us *how much better our parents have taken care of us than we can take care of them*. What would have become of me if I had not had a kind mother to take care of me, and what would have become of you if you had not had a good mother to look after your interests?"

"But, father," replied Jacob, "I think you have chosen rather an unusual case to teach me this lesson. Do you suppose it is generally so with people throughout the world?"

"As far as I have seen," said old Casimer, "I think it is a general truth. Come now, I want to show you how it is with smaller beings than man. Do you not know that in our bird-cages there are just seven little birds, now just old enough to fly about a little? The old one takes care of them every day, and we leave the door open, you know, for her to go in and out and bring them worms, and whatever else they wish. The cage is hanging up by the bean vine at our back door. Let us see how that old bird and her seven young ones manage. There she goes right in at the open door, taking them something to eat. See how they cluster around her, and how they love her. What in the world would they do without her? Every one of them would die. Now let us see how she would get along if we let them take care of her?" Then old Casimer took all the little birds out of the cage on his lap, and fastened the old bird up.

"Let us see how soon they will bring her a worm, and do some act of kindness for her?"

One little bird jumped off his lap upon a pile of lumber that was lying near the door; another one jumped down in the door; a third flew on the window-sill; a fourth flew on the bean-vine; and so they



all went in different directions, and did not pay the slightest attention to their old mother.

"Oh the birds will get away—they will get away!" said Jacob.

"Yes, I think they will," replied old Casimer, "if we do not catch them, for they will never come back to take care of their old mother."

"I believe you are right," said Jacob.

Old Casimer smiled and said: "It is the same with men and birds, and all the creatures God has made. One mother will take care of seven children better than seven children can take care of one mother. Let us thank our Heavenly Father for good mothers."

### THOUGHTS UPON TEMPER.

A SHARP temper is a very hard thing to bear with; but they who find it so, if they have not thought on the subject, can form no idea of the immense difficulty of curbing it, of the immense power which it gains. God alone knows this, and in His sight each earnest prayerful effort to overcome it is of great price.

To those who suffer from this evil in their neighbours I would say—strive to see with a purer, clearer vision into your neighbour's character; strive to realise a great pressing burden, a strong bitter enemy whose power is felt suddenly without a moment's warning, and against whom you must be for ever watching, if you are to vanquish him. This is what the hasty spirit is to your neighbour. Again, strive to be on the look-out—not for sharp speeches and stormy passions—but for those noble efforts at self-control which are made, though you may have dared at times to think they were not. Do not let yourself think this; if you do you will have no comfort. Believe that he or she does try. Of course you do not know when a victory has been gained, because outwardly all has been peaceful. A fit of angry passion breaks forth and you note it down, and forget that an hour before, perhaps, a deep conflict was going on between right and wrong, and right won, and God smiled on the victory.

This truer insight into the hidden life of your neighbour, will, when the evil comes, make your sorrow greater than your vexation, your love more Christ-like

and forgiving, your pity deeper and more holy. You will not wonder that the strong enemy should again and again gain the mastery. Strive never to be the cause of his power being felt, but rather to give a helping hand to self-struggle, and, consequently, to peace.

It may be that it is your duty to re-monstrate, to talk openly of the fault, to urge your brother on to yet harder fighting and yet stronger determination; but do all this with Christian love and in a Christian spirit; with a hatred—not of the sinner but of the sin.

To those who suffer from hasty temper in themselves I would say, Think not too much of the past, give your energies to the present. Look at yourself as you are, and resolve from your heart to conquer this pressing evil. Remember, though no one around you may know the difficulty, God does know it, and he thinks much of each struggle ending in victory. But remember also that you must struggle, God expects you to struggle, and when you leave this earth will assuredly require from you a true account of the powers which he gave you for the battle.

Think, again, how you vex and grieve your friends by this unholy temper, and do not believe that because they do not return sharpness for sharpness therefore they have not difficulties of their own to contend with. Like as they cannot estimate the strength of your enemy, so you cannot of theirs, which may be of a totally different nature. Do not neglect to pray. Prayer does no good to God, for He does not need any good, but it is a help to ourselves which He has permitted us to use. And dare we say that we are strong enough to do without it? Dare we pass by any help which God gives us, when we know how immensely difficult it is to go through life nobly and well? Thankfully take this help, earnestly pray against all that is evil in yourself.

In conclusion I would say that the more deeply we feel the presence of God, His dear forgiving love, and the spirit which dwelt in Jesus, the better able shall we be to see the good in each other and to bear with the evil.

**SENSIBLE.**—Logic and metaphysics make use of more tools than all the rest of the sciences put together, and do the least work.



## BELIEVING WITHOUT UNDERSTANDING.

BY R. D. BURR.

WE confess to a great liking for the "Life and Letters of Robertson." We have read them three times through, and perhaps shall do so as many times more. We are not surprised that his books are to be met with upon the shelves of almost every liberal minister's library. They are liberal in the true sense of the word. There is no bigotry or narrowness about them. He was interested in the discussion of some questions connected with the Church of England with which we have no great concern, but even then we like to hear what he has to offer.

In one of his letters in the second volume of the "Life," he has something to say upon believing what cannot be comprehended, which, it seems to us, had better be carefully pondered by those who make the belief of a creed the chief test of one's being a Christian. The thought is not new, but it is put in a striking way, and we would commend it to our friends of the creed-churches for their consideration.

"A person can believe in a fact or a being whose nature he cannot comprehend—as for instance in God, or in vegetation, or life—but no one can believe a proposition the terms of which are unknown to him. For example:—'Three persons are one God.' Unless he knows what 'person' means he cannot believe that, because he attaches no meaning whatever, or else a false one, to the assertion. And it is preposterous to say he must believe it as a mystery because the Church says it, for all he does in that case is to suspend his judgment on a subject of which he knows nothing, and to say 'the Church knows all about it, but I have not the smallest conception what it is she knows.' So, for instance, a mathematician says to me, an ignoramus: 'The velocities of planets vary inversely as the squares of their distances. Presumptuous sceptic, don't you believe that?' 'Well,' I reply, 'I dare say you are right—nay, I believe you are; but I cannot say I believe that long sentence, because I do not understand what it means.' 'Dolt! idiot! believe without understanding.' 'Well, wise sir, I will. The inverse squares of the planets, no, how is it? The velocities of planets vary inversely,

&c. 'Quite right, good and orthodox scholar.' 'Now, do *you* believe in Abracadabra?' 'Sir, do you?' 'Yes.' 'Then so do I.' 'But what is Abracadabra?' 'Never mind that, believe.'

"All that is simple nonsense. No man can believe that the earth goes round the sun unless he knows what that proposition is, and what is the meaning of 'earth,' 'round the sun;' but once knowing this he may believe it, though it is contrary to the evidence of his senses, and though he does not understand how or why it is."

Who knows what "person" means in the way in which it is employed in defining the Trinity of persons in the Godhead? If any one says, "we believe it because the Church says it," we reply the Church does not know what the language she uses means. How absurd to come and ask men to believe it.

What Dr. Dewey says in his "Concio ad Clerum" struck us forcibly; the idea was something like this: that indifference to what one believes had gone too far; he expected to see a reaction take place.

Beliefs certainly have their office in the building up of the soul in faith and holy living. Let us still longer and still harder pummel away at what we know is the false practice of the dominant churches, and we shall finally win the victory, and Christianity will be what we have always said it was—loyalty to Jesus. Upon this simple basis we hope to see our churches yet built up; and if there be a variety of communion—as there always will be—the denunciation of one by the other will have passed away.

"You believe in one God existing in three persons," inquires the minister of a church of a miss of twelve or the boy of thirteen, joining the Church. "Yes, yes." No greater falsehood was ever uttered. They do not. Those who propound the question know they do not, and they wink at the falsehood. The whole process is contemptible in the apprehension of older persons, and we need to do what we are able to relieve Christianity and the Church from longer bearing the reproach of this practice of bearing false witness.

In the Bible one of the Apostles is represented as asking a student, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" A voice is needed now, "Do ye understand what ye profess to believe?"



## A UNITARIAN LEAFLET.

WE have had the following statement of "*The Scriptural Principles of Unitarian Christians*" drawn up and stereotyped for a plentiful distribution among our neighbours, as they are still woefully in the dark concerning our religious views. We are now making an effort to have ONE MILLION of them put into circulation, making a very small charge for large orders. *Fifty Thousand* copies shall be sent to any part of Great Britain or Ireland for £5. Smaller quantities may be had as noted below. They have been printed for the London Unitarian Lay Preachers' Union, and 60,000 of them will be distributed around their stations. We think it will be read, from the small compass into which it is put, and that our Unitarian friends everywhere may wish to have a few copies by them to enclose in letters or give to those who may be making inquiries about Unitarianism. To save booksellers' commission, the Treasurer of the London Lay Preachers' Union has kindly promised to forward them at the following rate, post or carriage free:—

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### THE SCRIPTURAL PRINCIPLES OF UNITARIAN CHRISTIANS.

Unitarians believe in "One God the Father;" *not* in a Trinity of persons in the Godhead.—(1 Cor. viii., 4, 6; Gal. iii., 20; Eph. iv., 6; 1 Tim. ii., 5.)

Unitarians worship "God the Father only," as commanded by Jesus Christ; *not* the Virgin Mary, Angels, nor Christ.—(Matt. iv. 10—vi., 9; John iv., 23.)

Unitarians believe "God is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works," *not* that God has decreed the perdition of a single soul.—(Ps. ciii., 8; Ps. cxlv., 9; Matt. v., 45; Luke vi., 35.)

Unitarians believe "that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God;" *not* that he is God the Son.—(Matt. xvi., 16, 17; John xiv., 28; 1 Cor. xi., 3.)

Unitarians believe "That to love the Lord thy God with all the heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, and thy neighbour as thyself, is the fulfilment of the law."—(Mark xii., 29—33; 1 Tim. i., 5.)

Unitarians believe of human nature "God has made us, and not we ourselves;" *not* that we are born totally depraved, and incapable of goodness.—(Ps. c., 3; Matt. xviii., 3; Mark x., 14; 1 Cor. xiv., 20.)

Unitarians believe "He that doeth wrong shall suffer for the wrong that he doeth;" and "that every one shall receive for the things done in his body, whether they be good or evil."—(2 Cor. v., 10; Col. iii., 25.)

Unitarians believe that "Jesus Christ came to live and die to save us from our sins;" *not* to suffer, in our room and stead, for our sins.—(Matt. i., 21; Acts iii., 26; 2 Cor. v., 14, 15, 18, 19; Titus ii., 14; 1 Peter ii., 21.)

Unitarians believe in salvation by the free and unpurchased Grace of God; *not* by a mere profession of faith, nor by the *merits* of good works.—(Eph. ii., 8, 9; Titus iii., 5—7.)

Unitarians believe "That if the wicked forsake his way he will be abundantly pardoned;" "and if we forgive we shall be forgiven."—(Is. lv., 7; Ezek. xviii., 27; Matt. vi., 14; Luke vi., 37.)

Unitarians believe that the Bible contains the Word of God; *not* that every word it contains is God's word.—(2 Tim. iii., 16.)

Unitarians maintain the right and duty of Free Inquiry, and of Private Judgment in forming religious opinions; and that no man has any authority over the consciences of other men.—(Matt. xxiii., 8; 1 John, iv., 1; Acts xvii., 11; 1 Thess. v., 21.)

Unitarians believe that "God will not cast off for ever," and that all punishment is remedial, *not* eternal.—(Deut. viii., 5; Micah vii., 18; Lam. iii., 31—33.)

Unitarians believe in a future state of endless happiness for mankind.—(John xiv., 2; 1 Cor., xv., 53; 2 Cor. v., 1; Rev. xxi., 4.)



## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

PRAYER BY PROXY.—“Our priests,” said a Hindoo to an European, “are sad knaves. I pay one of them regularly to pray for me, but the scoundrel prays for himself and cheats me.”

COMMIT TO MEMORY.—Secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. To be invisibly good is as godlike as to be invisibly evil is diabolical.

THE POPE'S BRASS BAND.—A Protestant minister was lately driven from Pont a Celles, France, by the Catholic population by rather peculiar means. A brass band in front of the church was first tried, and that failing, children were made drunk and sent into the church with tin whistles. They made such a terrible din that the service was soon closed.

TAMPERING WITH CONSCIENCE.—Mr. — before taking orders in the Church, consulted an eminent dignitary about his difficulties, about his dislike of making professions and keeping up appearances, which, he said, was acting a part and wearing a mask. To this the experienced old man replied, “If you will only wear the mask for a fortnight, by the end of that time you won't know it from your own face.”

£300 A YEAR.—The Church Commissioners have been endeavouring to raise the income of the poorer livings; and they have fixed upon £300 a year as the sum which it is desirable that they should be brought up, when funds can be obtained for the purpose. In this they may perhaps have been guided by the well-known lines in Butler's Hudibras:—

“What makes all doctrine plain and clear?

About three hundred pounds a year.”

REFORMED HINDOO MARRIAGE CEREMONY.—The Brahmo-Somaj is an association of high-caste Hindoos, who are attempting to make a reform in the religious observances of their countrymen more in accordance with the ideas of modern science, in order to diminish the contrast between Brahminism and Christianity. The *Indian Mirror*, which is the organ of the reform, describes a recent Brahminist marriage, which was entirely free from the absurdities and revolting forms of the old religion, and quite conformed to the Christian ideas in regard to the relation constituted by marriage:—

“The father first of all gave away his daughter after an address on the duties of marriage, and the bridegroom accepted her ‘in the presence of the All-witnessing God.’ Bride and bridegroom then declared to the ‘minister’ their resolution to accept each other, and the rite closed with the following declaration from the bridegroom: ‘Making the holy God my witness, I unite myself with thee in the sacred bonds of wedlock. In prosperity and adversity, in happiness and sorrow, in health and in sickness, I will endeavour all my life to promote thy welfare. In righteousness, in wealth, and enjoyment I make thee my partner. May thy heart be mine, and may my heart be thine, and may God be my helper in fulfilling conjugal duties.’ The bride used similar but shorter words.

AN ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—Guizot, who is eighty-four, says that in 1848, after his downfall, he tried to drown his grief by hard work. Instead of destroying him, as he intended it should, it rendered him wonderfully hale and vigorous.

“LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAY.”—A mother one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went to attend to some work in an upper room. A half hour passed quietly, and then a timid voice at the foot of the stairs called out, “Mamma, are you there?” “Yes, darling.” “All right, then;” and the child went back to its play. By and by the question was repeated—“Mamma, are you there?” “Yes.” “All right, then;” and the little ones, re-assured of their mother's presence, again returned to their toys. Thus we, God's little ones, in doubt and loneliness, look up and ask, “My Father, art Thou there?” and when there comes in answer the assurance of his presence, our hearts are quieted.—*Alta Grant*.

JOKING WITH THE TRINITY.—A few years ago the Fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, received a present, from a former member of their body, of a large handsome silver snuff-box, which was to be placed upon the college table after dinner, and to circulate with the wine. There was a natural proposal to put an inscription on it, and many tried their hand upon the task to find something appropriate. It should of course point to its purpose, namely, that all were at liberty to take from it. It should also point to the place, namely, Trinity College. “What then,” remarked one orthodox divine, “can be more suitable than the first words of the Athanasian creed, *Quicunque vult*?—Whosoever will.”

JUST LIKE SPURGEON.—Some time ago the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon preached a sermon on the text, “And Mary wept.” In the midst of a stream of earnest eloquence that drew tears from many of those present in describing the character of the tears shed by Mary over the feet of Jesus, he broke suddenly off, and turning to his congregation, exclaimed: “The tears which Mary shed were not such tears as many of you pour out when you come to this altar. They came from her heart—they were tears of blood—and not the poor stuff that you present as an offering to an offended God.” Then, leaning over the pulpit and looking earnestly in the sea of upturned faces, he exclaimed: “There are some of you for whose tears I would not give a farthing a quart.”

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